

THE LIGUORIAN



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THIS IS THE LATEST

"Do not know how many read it after I give it to a friend,
because she gives it to someone else. It is a fine magazine."
California.

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THE LIGUORIAN

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Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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MAY, 1928

No. 5

Behold Thy Mother

See the gentle Mother standing
At the Cross, our love demanding—
While her Son is dying there.
She receives no word of kindness—
They but mock her in their blindness,
Though so gentle, meek, and fair.

Grief but makes their union firmer
They accept it with no murmur—
Yes, her Treasure soon must die.
In her dreadful load of sorrow,
Vainly may she hope to borrow
Ought but pain and misery.

Now His dying eyes are open,
And these gentle words are spoken,
From His lips all seared with pain:
"Take him for thy son, Dear Mother."
And to John, "Take thou no other."
Still He thinks of us again!

From that blessed moment, weeping,
She received our souls in keeping—
While He hung upon the tree.
Since that day, in our defection,
We may hope for her protection.
Mother! We may cry to thee.

Now though struggling, sad, and broken,
By this gift we have a token
That She loves us as her own.
Faithful She to bear the burden
Of her children, though the guerdon
Should be death, and not a throne.

Dearest Mother, make us love thee
As thine only Son doth love thee,
Till that bright and happy day
When shall come the end of weeping,
And within Thy gentle keeping
We from earth shall pass away.

Brother Reginald, C.Ss.R.

Father Tim Casey

THE COMING OF THE HOLY GHOST

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

"What preparation are you boys making for Sunday?" asked Father Casey.

"Why? What's Sunday?" muttered Charles sleepily.

"Such a question! From a model Catholic, too! One of you gentlemen dispel Charlie's abysmal ignorance."

Impetuous Michael was the first to rush into the breach.

"It's— It's—" But he got no further and relapsed into defeated silence.

"I know," cried Elmer. "It is the last day for Easter Duty."

"Both wrong," replied the priest. "Next Sunday is Whitsunday or Pentecost."

"Oh sure," they chorused, just as though they had known all along.

The priest followed up with another question:

"Pentecost is how many days after Easter?"

The response was a series of wild guesses sounding very much like the bidding at an auction sale.

"Here is a sample of our intelligent American Catholicity," moaned Father Casey. "And we judge and condemn foreigners for being poorly instructed. After such an exhibition, I am afraid even to ask what mystery is commemorated on Pentecost. You might blunder on that, too, and disgrace St. Mary's forever. You would show me up as bad as the lad from Tangmalangeloo showed up his pastor before the bishop."

Clearly the young men were case-hardened against a scolding from the good priest, for they forgot it forthwith and called loudly for the story "about the lad from Tangma-whadda-ya-call-it."

"You will hang your guilty heads for shame when you hear it," he began, and vainly tried to look serious. "Tangmalangeloo was a wild pioneer place in the Australian bush. A stupid, overgrown lad had been brought in from there and foisted upon Father Daly's Confirmation class. He stood out so prominent above the others that the bishop at once called upon him to answer a question. "My boy, tell me, what is Christmas? Why is everybody so happy on Christmas?" Without a moment's hesitation, the lad replied: "It's the day before the races in Tangmalangeloo."

During Father Casey's story the young men had had time to think.

"Father Casey, that barb glances harmlessly off our invulnerable armor. We know what Pentecost or Whitsunday is. It is the day the Holy Ghost descended upon the Blessed Virgin Mary and the disciples."

"Why is it called Pentecost?"

No answer.

"Why is it called Whitsunday?"

No answer.

"Go back," said the priest, "and tell your esquire to put a few more rivets in that invulnerable armor of yours."

"What do they mean, Father?" asked Charles, nothing abashed.

"Pentecost comes from the Greek word, meaning fifty. It is fifty days after Easter. Our Lord ascended into heaven forty days after the Resurrection; ten days later, He sent down the Holy Ghost. That makes fifty. Whitsunday is short for White Sunday. Adult converts used to be baptized on the eve of the feast. They came to church next morning dressed in their white baptismal garments. The presence of this white-robed throng led the people to designate the day, Whitsunday."

"Father, you asked what preparation we were making for Whitsunday. Are we supposed to do something in that line?"

"Being Christians, you are supposed to spend the nine preceding days in special preparation for the feast of the Holy Ghost."

"Is that a new devotion?" asked Michael. "I have been out of town during this season the last couple of years, and so I heard nothing about it."

Poor Michael, what a trap he walked into! Father Casey answered his question with sweet sarcasm.

"Not new, exactly; no, Michael, not new. This devotion is about nineteen centuries old. In fact, it began before the first Pentecost. You may have read, in your remote childhood, how the disciples with Mary, the Mother of Jesus, spent the nine days between Ascension and Pentecost in prayer awaiting the coming of the Holy Ghost."

Charles was honest enough to say:

"Somehow I have never bothered much about the Holy Ghost."

"One would judge as much, since you did not even know when His feast was coming. You would count it astounding ignorance not to know the day of the feast of St. Patrick, yet you do not know the day

of the feast of God, the Holy Ghost, Who sanctified all the saints, who gave them grace which made them saints. Rightly is He called 'The Great Unknown.' "

"But, Father Tim, should not each one pick out the devotions that appeal to him? Nobody can practice them all."

"Nobody can cultivate a special devotion to each particular saint, nor practice each particular form of devotion. Each individual can choose one or more of these devotions, as he sees fit. That is precisely why the Church offers us so many different devotions. From such a wealth of good things, each one can find something particularly adapted to his character and condition. But devotion to God is not *a* devotion, it is *devotion*—the source, the motive, the object of all devotions. What would you think of one who had no devotion to our Father in heaven, no devotion to His only Son, Our Lord? What would you think of such a one?"

"He would be nothing better than an atheist," replied one of the listeners.

"Why don't you say the same of one who has no devotion to God, the Holy Ghost?"

"Oh, that is different."

"How is it different? Why is it different?"

"The Holy Ghost seems so hazy and far away and—and impersonal; but Jesus is so near to us, Jesus is so lovable that he naturally attracts our love."

"If love attracts love," said the priest, "surely you should love the Holy Ghost, for He is the mutual love of the Father and the Son. That love of God for God is not something distinct or separate from God, it is God—God the Holy Ghost. As for being near you, nothing could be nearer to you than the Holy Ghost. While you are in the state of grace, the Holy Ghost is the supernatural life of your soul, and that supernatural life should be incomparably dearer to you than your natural life. You say Jesus does so much for you, and you say rightly, but who gave you Jesus?"

"What do you mean, Father Tim?"

"Let me hear you say the Apostles' Creed. 'I believe in God * * * and in Jesus Christ. His only Son, our Lord—' What's the rest?"

"—His only Son, our Lord, Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born—"

"Enough. You see Jesus was conceived, He became man, by the

operation of the Holy Ghost. The more you appreciate God's becoming man like one of us, the greater should be your gratitude toward the Holy Ghost Who wrought this wonderful work."

"I had never thought of that before; in fact, I scarcely thought of Him at all."

"Then you were most ungrateful to your oldest Friend."

"My oldest Friend? Is He my oldest Friend?"

"He is. When you were born, your soul was ugly, deformed by original sin, shut off from supernatural life. Who was the first of the Divine Persons to stoop down in pity, take hold of your corrupt being, cleanse it from sin, clothe it in the bright robe of sanctifying grace, and stamp it with the saving mark or character of one of God's children? It was the Holy Ghost; He did all this for you in the sacrament of Baptism. Indeed, through all the sacraments—those holy sacraments which keep poor creatures of earth intimately united with the divine Creator—through all the sacraments, the Holy Ghost acts directly and powerfully upon your soul. Yet you never think of Him; you never even recognize this divine Benefactor."

"I thought we receive the Holy Ghost only in one of the sacraments, the sacrament of Confirmation."

"Confirmation is the sacrament in which you receive the Holy Ghost in a most special manner. In Confirmation, He is the divine Recruiting Officer who enrolls you in the army of God, accepts your enlistment as a soldier of Christ, and stamps your soul with an indelible character which will remain for all eternity, showing that you served under the standard of the Man-God. In Confirmation, the Holy Ghost makes you a strong and perfect Christian. He does for you what He did for the disciples on the first Pentecost. Before His coming the disciples were stupid. Despite three years in the school of Jesus, the greatest of all teachers, they were still stupid; they could not understand the instructions they had received. But the moment the Holy Ghost came upon them, all was clear, so clear that never again did they make the slightest mistake in teaching the divine truths committed to them. Before the coming of the Holy Ghost they were cowards; they slunk about in the dark, fearful of being recognized as followers of Christ. The moment the Holy Ghost came upon them, they became fearless soldiers; they went forth into the whole world preaching everywhere the doctrine of Christ and confirmed their preaching by a martyr's death. That is what He did for them; that is what He does for you in Con-

firmation, if only you correspond with His divine operation in your soul. But His operation is not restricted to the sacrament of Confirmation. He is the active power in every one of the seven sacraments."

"How is that, Father?"

"You know the definition of a sacrament?"

"Lucky for me, I remember that. A sacrament is an outward sign instituted by Christ to give grace."

"Therefore, the essential work of every sacrament is to give or increase grace—sanctifying grace. Sanctifying grace is that divine gift which transforms the human soul from darkness to light, changes it from God's enemy to God's friend, lifts it up to unbelievable heights, makes it a partaker in God's very nature. Now sanctifying grace is always the work of the Holy Ghost."

"It seems to me, Father, we were taught that sanctifying grace was merited by Jesus."

"Correct. It was merited by Jesus, but it is applied to our souls by the Holy Ghost."

Charles, too, had begun to recall some of the forgotten truths in his catechism.

"Father," he said, "besides sanctifying grace, there is another kind of grace. What about that?"

"You mean actual grace. Actual grace is that divine operation in our souls which enables us to see what is right and gives us the courage and strength to do it."

"Then it must be quite necessary for us."

"So necessary that without it you cannot perform the slightest meritorious act."

"Does the Holy Ghost give us that grace also?"

"Absolutely."

"Then I have been going all wrong—leaving out an essential part of my religion. Tell me a prayer I can say, from now on, to the Holy Ghost."

"You know one already. You say it many times daily. But, as with most of your prayers, you never think of what you are saying."

"What prayer is that, Father?"

"In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost," said Father Casey.

There is nothing more frightful than an active ignorance.—*Goethe*.

Those Who Honor Mary

A REVERIE

T. Z. AUSTIN, C.Ss.R.

In the dim twilight of a May eve, I knelt before the shrine of Our Lady. Suddenly it seemed that all was still. I looked around. The church was empty. I was alone—kneeling before the image of Our Blessed Lady—alone said "Hail Mary."

Alone—at once I realized that I was only one of a great throng. Before my imagination they passed—figures from the scriptures—figures from the catacombs—saints and scholars of all ages—and the millions and millions of Christians of all times, all races, all degrees, all stations.

There was the woman in the Gospel of St. Luke (xi 27) who, overwhelmed by the wisdom of His teaching and the nobility of His personality, cried out:

"Blessed is the womb that bore Thee and the paps that gave Thee suck."

Whose words Our Saviour ratified—for when He said, "Yea, rather blessed are they that hear the word of God and keep it," He simply repeated the words of Elizabeth (Mat. iii, 16): "And blessed art thou (Mary) that hast believed."

There was Elizabeth, the mother of John the Baptist, who greeted Mary with the very words that have been on the lips of the Christian world ever since: "Blessed art thou among women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb."

"And whence is this that the mother of my Lord should come to me?"

"For behold, as soon as the voice of thy salutation sounded in my ears, the infant in my womb leaped for joy.

"And blessed art thou that hast believed, because those things shall be accomplished that were spoken to thee by the Lord." (Mat. iii, 13, seq.)

There was the angel Gabriel, one of that shining host that surrounds the throne of God—one of those who "see the face of the Father who is in heaven," who entered the humble house of the virgin at Nazareth, and, bending low his head crowned with glory, said:

"Hail, Mary, full of grace! The Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women."

Nowhere in the Scripture do angels ever bow before a human being except here.

"We must bear in mind," says St. Thomas, reflecting upon this, "that it has ever been a great thing for men to receive a visit from angels—a great honor to be allowed to render them most humble homage. That is why it is written to the praise of Abraham that he had angels as his guests and that he offered them testimony of his humblest reverence. But that an angel should treat a human being with the reverence that he himself was accustomed to receive, that was a thing never seen till the day Gabriel bowed respectfully before the Blessed Virgin, and said: 'Hail.'"

"Now the reason why in times before men bowed before angels and not angels before men, was this," continues the saint; "the angel is superior to men from three points of view in particular. He is superior in dignity, for the angel is a pure spirit, while man is corruptible by his nature. He is superior as to intimacy with God; for the angel, indeed, is one of the familiars of God as assistant before His throne (Dan. vii, 10). He is superior, finally, by reason of the fullness of the splendors of grace: for the angels shine most fully in the divine light, wherefore they always appear surrounded with light.

"Hence, before an angel could bow before a human being to render it honor and respect, he must see in that creature something greater than himself. Such was the Blessed Virgin.

"That is why the angel Gabriel by his 'Ave' signified clearly that he recognized in Mary this threefold preeminence in fullness of grace: 'Hail, full of grace!' preeminence in familiarity with God: 'The Lord is with thee'; preeminence in purity, for the virgin was not only most pure herself, but made others pure likewise."

There was Jesus Himself, the Son of Mary, who for thirty years dwelt with her in the "blessed solitude of Nazareth, daily giving a perfect model of filial submission to her, of confidence, of tenderness and affection, as the Scripture declares in the simple yet sublime and impressive words: "He was subject to them."

There was the heavenly Father Himself, instructing the angel Gabriel to say: "Hail, Mary, full of grace."

There were all generations of Christians, as St. Augustine viewed

them in his hymn of praise; the glorious choir of Apostles, the array of prophets, the white-robed array of martyrs, the holy Church scattered throughout the world in a grand procession were there, in fulfillment of Mary's own inspired words:

"From now on all generations shall call me blessed because the Almighty hath done great things in me."

Alone? All heaven was with me at Mary's shrine.

A SPIRITUAL PROJECT

As Catholic Australia took a keen interest in the International Eucharistic Congress held in Chicago in the summer of 1926, so Catholic America should manifest a particular interest in the forthcoming International Congress to be held in Sydney, Australia, in September next. Already signs of interest are in evidence throughout the United States and the organizations of pilgrimages has commenced.

One cannot yet predict how many pilgrims, clerical and lay, will represent the great Catholic population of America; much less can one foretell whether each diocese will be actually represented in Sydney during the Congress. But one thing is certain—every diocese in this country can easily be represented in a spiritual way at the great demonstration of faith that will be enacted beyond the Pacific Ocean in our youthful sister country.

The Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, in their zeal for the glory of our Eucharistic King, have undertaken the immense project of offering Catholic Australia, one hundred million "spiritual flowers" on the occasion of the 29th International Eucharistic Congress. This glorious bouquet or garland, culled from the garden of American Catholicity, will be personally presented in Sydney by an American representative and will be a touching and eloquent expression of the faith and piety of Americans, as well as a beautiful tribute to that young church which flourishes so splendidly beneath the Southern Cross.

Leaflets, on which may be inscribed the various acts of devotion to be offered, have been prepared by the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament and will be supplied freely to all who apply for them at 184 East 76th St., New York.

REV. M.D. FORREST, M.S.C.

Our Ideal

"THE TRUE, THE BEAUTIFUL, THE GOOD"

AUG. T. ZELLER.

Everybody that is concerned with character building is fully aware of the need and value of ideals.

An ideal has been defined thus by P. F. Voelker in "The Function of Ideals and Attitudes in Social Education": "An ideal is probably best thought of as consisting of (1) a generalized notion or generalized concept used as a plan or standard of action, (2) the recognition and appreciation of the practical worth of this plan or standard of action, and (3) a tendency to accept and obey the plan or standard to act it out in conduct. Unless these three elements are present, we cannot properly employ the term 'ideal.'"

Pere Eymieu in his "Government of Oneself" (French) describes it thus:

"An ideal is, by definition, the true, the beautiful, the good—all that one loves, to a degree that passes all experience. One can, having made careful thought of it according to one's aptitudes and goal, love it, truly, make it forever, not only the charm and admiration of one's mind, but also the burning desire of one's heart. And as the sailor guides his bark by the star that gleams above the horizon, one can, while knowing well that it is beyond reach, nevertheless throw all one's soul with passion into the effort ever more and more to approach the ideal."

We recognize, therefore, that an ideal is an image of perfection that we form for ourselves in our minds.

All of us unconsciously have some image of perfection. There was a time when it came vividly before your minds. On the day of your First Communion, when close to your innocent heart beat the heart of Christ and you felt almost as did the disciples on the way to Emmaus, "your heart burning within you," you saw before your mind's eye the image of a perfect follower and loyal soldier of Christ and you resolved always to be such a one. That was your ideal.

On the day of your marriage, with the golden glow of young love about you and the grace of the Sacrament enfolding and momentarily uplifting you, you visioned the future in that little home of your dreams and you said to yourself: I will be a perfect husband, a perfect wife! That was your ideal.

In the dull drab turmoil of life they may have been dimmed. It may be that in place of stars you followed bleared street lamps. But ever and again when you have moments of reflection, when at a retreat or a Mission or Forty Hours, the portals of Eternity are thrown open for a brief space and a shaft of its searching light falls upon your life, again those ideals flare up. Again there comes to you that vision of perfection, "the true, the beautiful, the good, all that you really love—to a degree that passes all experience."

You stood perchance beside some person whom you admired. It may have been for his honesty, his common sense, his judgment, his kindness, his modesty, his nobility, his manliness, her womanliness, her loyalty, her sweetness—whatever it may have been. At any rate, in that person was a ray of that "true and beautiful and good beyond experience," and your blood thrilled through your veins, your pulse beat faster and involuntarily perhaps you clenched your fist and said to yourself: Ah, if I could only be like him—like her! Your ideal has been re-awakened.

THE FORCE OF THE IDEAL

Pere Eymieu thus explains the force of ideals:

"It might seem to some that the ideal, having been born in the regions of higher thought, might stop there and might prove of too ethereal a nature to descend into the organism and kindle it to action. But this is to forget that every idea develops itself by an intimate evolution and by an association with connected energies and powers of the soul and sensibilities. And more than any other, the ideal develops itself, for it, in a supreme degree, has the power to substitute and to crystallize the energies of the soul."

When an ideal rises in the soul it is not by spontaneous generation. It is the result of experiences and reflections which stirred the very sources of our being—mayhap at the end of a retreat, mayhap in the course of some reading—always after a longer or shorter period of intense soul activity, in which the spirit has been saturated with light, the heart with noble emotions, the will with resolution and strength.

All this floats in our consciousness, fragmentary, dispersed, in a somewhat chaotic state. All of a sudden, as if the heavens were illuminated without quenching the stars, one idea shines out, vast and profound, enveloping all the others.

It contains in its light all other ideas of the same tendency; in the emotion it stirs up in our hearts, every other emotion is merged; in the urge that it creates—the push to action—all other fragmentary inclinations are combined.

It replaces all other ideas of goodness—not by destroying them—but by embodying, binding together, resuming, dominating all the rest. In the mind were many ideas—it coordinates and dominates them; in the will were many valiant resolves—it condenses them into one.

It is, if we may use the term, an essence, an elixir of all noble ideas, of all generous aspirations of the soul.

In a word, the ideal substitutes all the others in order to bring all to worthy expression and to grow by the energy of all.

But after that, the ideal crystallizes.

Take a glass containing various bodies in dissolution up to the saturation point. Then put in a crystal of the same nature as one of the elements in the glass—say, a crystal of salt. A strange phenomenon occurs. From all points of the liquid the molecules of salt, and only these, little by little gather to the crystal, are attached to it, increase its dimensions, while respecting its geometric form.

If the liquid is not altogether calm, the operation will not be very complete, not the crystal very regular; but if it be sufficiently calm, the crystal develops toward its perfection and grows by all the molecules before dispersed.

So in the human soul—there are ever ideas, good and bad, of the most various origin and quality. But when an ideal is plunged in—especially in time of prolonged calm—it crystallizes around it, little by little, all elements of the same tendency—while the ideas of varying direction remain in a state of dissolution, so to say, scattered through our consciousness without cohesion and without force.

This is why a resolution that is isolated, evaporates, so to speak; but one which envelops itself in the ideal and kindles into a passion, grows with time.

To exemplify this thought, consider an example or two.

Ignatius of Loyola was a distinguished knight. Wounded at the siege of Pampeluna, he whiled away his time reading the life of Jesus and the saints. Gradually, more and more, he came to be impressed with the heroic courage with which the saints despised the things of earth and made God alone the goal of all their efforts. Looking at their example,

he asked himself, as St. Augustine had done centuries before: "What these have done cannot I do also?"

Good ideas were forming but as yet no ideal. He hung up his armor at the shrine of Our Lady of Montserrat and retired into a cave at Manresa. There he meditated upon the destiny of wars and the following of Christ until before him glared the image of Christ his leader. "Ad maiorem Dei gloriam"—"for the greater glory of God"—became a passion with him. Through difficulties without end it bore him on—never weakening, growing with the years, till the order he founded bore his ideal to all ends of the globe.

Similarly St. Alphonsus. Sunken in the contemplation of the Redeemer, in the cave of Scala, the Saviour, come to save that which was lost, seems to become part of his very soul. The love that spent itself on the cross to the very last drop of blood for the lost sheep, became an ideal that moved him for love of Jesus to bear His salvation to the most abandoned souls everywhere. Through weary years of preaching and writing—through misunderstanding, opposition, and apparent failure—stronger and stronger the light seemed to burn before him.

This crystallizing effect of the ideal may be exemplified from other natural and even every-day occurrences.

The subject of hypnosis, for instance, shows a remarkable sensitiveness to everything the hypnotizer does, says or suggests. Others may be present: they may speak, command, touch the subject; but he seems neither to see nor to hear nor to feel anyone except the hypnotizer. By him, we say, the whole attention of the subject is absorbed, so that he can take cognizance of no other influences.

A mother, asleep, hears nothing but her child. Its slightest movement will awaken her, while the noise of a passing train would not disturb her in the least.

The proverbial distraction of the professor or scholar also illustrates this absorption. St. Thomas, seated at table with the King of France, suddenly exclaims: "There now is a convincing argument against Manichæism." The things going on around him were lost completely upon him.

Put in the hands of certain people the same paper, the same book, or even the same catalogue of a library, they will not read the same things, they will not show the same reaction, but each will be guided by a dominant idea or passion.

Love is blind, we say. Yes and no. It is blind to all else—but how piercing to the thing loved!

You must have noticed that yourself when speaking to a man with a passion—a man with a hobby. You could not get him to see things any other way than his own. The clearest explanations—the most convincing arguments run off like water from a duck's back. On the contrary, the most arbitrary, the most unsound pronouncements of a dilettante, so long as they favor his contentions, are accepted as gospel truth.

All these are examples, it seems to me, of the absorbing, the crystallizing effect of an ideal. Only while the hypnotic abandons himself to the hypnotizer because he is too weak to control his own powers; while the subject of a wicked passion, following falsehood, strikes against reality; the man with an ideal, walking in the light and force of faith, knowing beforehand that the way is good and the goal delightful, performs an act of courage and right reason, of wisdom and exalted freedom.

But if his action is more wise and good, it is none the less strong and energetic. It is not the degree of wisdom, but the degree of passion that measures the degree of crystallization.

So the ideal is not simply an idea rich and complex, but it is an idea that substitutes all others by dominating them—that crystallizes and serves as a rallying point for all other ideas that weakens all contrary ones by isolation and even extinguishes them, so to speak, by neglect and oblivion. And by thus removing the obstacles, the ideal will arouse and exalt to their highest all the energies of intelligence, of sentiment, of will, and bear them along to the attainment of its goal.

The ideal may truly be called the great force of life.

THE NOBLEST IDEAL

There is one ideal that somehow appeals to all. It is Our Lord. His influence over souls baffles every human explanation. It is unique in history. It is as strong today as when, face to face with the Jews, it made them say: "He speaketh as one having authority."

In Canon Sheehan's "Triumph of Failure," Charlie Travers explains the secret of the influence he exercised over the men of Dublin by the power of one name: Jesus Christ.

"It is the one word," he says, "that magnetizes men. In the begin-

ning of my little commission I used to talk the common platitude of virtue and honor, etc., and sometimes, I think, I used to make men's hearts leap suddenly under some stirring sentence, only to fall back again when the stimulus ceased.

"But once I began to talk about Christ—I mean the Christ of the Gospels, the Christ of the Saints, the Christ of the Martyrs—I held them in the palm of my hand.

"And what touched them most was what I used to call—I hope without irreverence—the *manliness* of Christ. How He held in His hands the Father's thunders, and only touched with those awful fingers the sealed eyelids of the blind or smoothed down the ringlets of little children; and how power—and what power!—went out from Him, and an atmosphere of omnipotence floated around him—the majesty of His looks, the grandeur of His silence, the sweetness and strength of His words—touched some unseen cord in men's hearts and sent them throbbing with new emotions of love and zeal."

It was love for this Christ that stands behind all the achievements of God's Saints on earth. It is the master-motive, the great ideal. For He is "the true, the beautiful, the good, all that we love, to a degree that passes all experience."

For all "grace and truth came by Christ," and He is "the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

THE ACCOLADE

Happy the man before whose spirit the noble figure of the Son of God has risen, bright and resplendent! Happy he, if the entrancing lineaments of the noblest of the Sons of men have not only been impressed upon his imagination, have not only stirred his heart to warm and tender love, but have flooded his whole soul as with a sea of light, bending his mind under the full weight of divine mysteries and forcing his will down in silent wonder and trembling adoration only to raise him again to a strong, manly, glowing, unconquerable love of esteem and admiration.

At this quickening contemplation of the Christ, man feels himself exalted above the things of earth and time. He gazes upon Him, the Son of man, and all that hitherto allured and entranced him seems like glittering trinkets that he takes in his hand and views, smiling that they ever were able to deceive him. He gazes upon Him, the one sent of God, and all worldly honor, earthly power, splendor and greatness

seem mere clouds that temporarily hid this Sun from his sight; quickly they pass, and, indifferent, he views their whirling and vanishing forms.

And little by little his eye becomes used to the wonderful glow of the majesty of Jesus. His glance can rest, clear and unmoved, upon Him. The scales fall from his eyes, the chains are loosed from his heart, and there rise to his lips the words of Augustine: "Too late have I known thee, thou beauty ever ancient, ever new—too late have I loved thee!"

Like a flash a great resolve is born within him. He gathers them all—pleasure, pride, and vanity—and scatters them to the far, far winds; he hurls them into the sea of oblivion, so they sink into unfathomable depths. His hand goes to his breast. Does the light of faith burn there? Yes, thank God! Does the holy flame of purity burn there? Yes, I feel its chaste glow!

And a great calm comes over him. Steadied against the Cross, his heart breaks in acute prayer. He raises his eyes: Is not that the Lord? He sees the Crucified. The saving blood flows; the wounds of the Master call him; the appeal of His dying lips is eloquent. Life flows from every splinter of that Cross. An unconquerable emotion seizes him and forces from his lips the cry: "My heavenly Leader, show me the way!"

He stands and harks. Lo, from the midst of death and misery, from Blood and Wounds, from the thorny crown, from the riven yet triumphant Heart, the reply of the Master comes clear: "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life!"

WORKING FOR OTHERS

Prayer is, after all, the best way of working for others, because in active work we make so many blunders, whereas in prayer we leave all to God, and He never makes a mistake. (Mystic Voice.)

A house-kitten and a Bengalese tiger are both cats, and the baby's pout and the murderer's rage are both anger. The kitten will not become a tiger, but the baby's impatience can readily become the murderer's rage. Then God asks the parents: "Why did *you* permit this?"

The man that acts up to his conscience has but one master and that Master is God, "Whom to serve is to reign."—*Cardinal Gibbons.*

How Another Vocation Developed

A PROFESSOR

Chums they were. About ten of them. They had all gone to the same school. They had all enjoyed the best that good, devoted Brothers could give them in the line of education. None of them held a bad job.

This was the beginning of their day's work. They would gather slowly, the farthest removed from a certain home would start for town. He would call the next—a boyish whistle that still rings in my ears, for I heard it often in those days. The twain would call the third and so on till they had called the last and the "gang" was all gathered. Street cars were taboo as far as the "gang" was concerned. They started early enough to be able to walk to work and be there in plenty of time for the day's proceedings. Often they walked the entire distance to their respective places of work. Sometimes they would get a free ride on the tail-board of a wagon. (In those days autos were a thing for the exclusive rich and were scarcely seen on week days.)

A wagon would come along, the whole crowd would get out into the street, yelling at the top of their voices: "Mister! a ride." If the driver smiled and started his nag going faster, they knew that it would be a free ride to all who managed to get on in spite of the extra speed of the horse. How they would run for the sake of that ride!

One morning a newcomer was among them. He, too, had been going to work, walking the distance in order to save the carfare; for his parents were extremely poor and needed all he could earn. Besides, his father was sick and he became almost the sole support of father, mother, and brothers. He joined in the frolic of trying to get a ride. And along comes a friendly driver of a small wagon, smiles, drives faster and they "hitch on" as they call it. Everything goes well for quite a way—well, say about two blocks. Suddenly the leather strap that held the tail-board broke and three of the riders bold fell into the street. Laughing they picked themselves up; took after the wagon which kept on going, owing to the fact that their fortunate companions, who had taken a seat inside the wagon, urged the driver to speed up and leave the "fallen" ones behind. However, nothing daunted the "fallen" ones saw the trick and put on "full steam ahead" to catch that wagon; and they did. Amid much laughter and a great deal of shouting the whole gang was together for the rest of the journey to town.

This second lap is the real development of the vocation I wish to tell of this time.

When the uproarious laughter had somewhat subsided, the newcomer mentioned above asked one of the "fallen" heroes of the late escapade what sort of book he was taking along for reading.

"Why, that's a Latin Grammar."

"And what are you doing with a Latin Grammar?"

"Well, a couple of us are taking Latin lessons."

"What are you taking Latin lessons for?"

"Why, we want to be priests, you dummy!"

"Let me see that Latin book, will you? I want to see what Latin looks like. Tell me how to read the stuff."

"Sure. Here is the lesson we have to study for tonight."

The newcomer took a peek inside the covers. It did not look formidable. The new lesson was scanned to see if all were O. K. Then he began to try to pronounce the first word he saw. It happened to be the word: *rosa*, a rose. The first declension of nouns, in "a," was open before the inquiring eye. "*Rosa*," he began correctly. "*Rosae*," he continued, likewise correctly. And thus he went through the six forms of the singular declension of that noun. He did the same with the plural, and voted the language an easy one.

"I wonder if Father will admit me to the Latin class?"

"Well, there's nothing like trying," assured his companion.

"I guess I'll be around, then, tonight and see Father after you have gone through your lessons for this day."

Seven-thirty found the boys gathered at the Rectory. Just as lively there as on the way to work. To the newcomer they seemed "awfully" familiar with the priest, and with the general appointments of his house.

Be it said here before we forget, the priest was rather old, friendly, a poor speaker, but one who had his people with him in spite of his poor voice and his poorer delivery. And to make up for his weakness in that respect, he sent many a young man to the seminary, and is Father of many a vocation that would never have matured if he had not also helped along financially. There are many such good priests, and there are many, too, who are yet untried, but will surely prove the equal of this good, saintly, old man.

Father stepped into the room where the boys had gathered shortly after half past seven. "Hello, boys!" he greeted. "What's this? A

new boy? Well, that is surely pleasant. Is he going to take Latin, too?"

"He's thinking about it, Father," shouted the chorus.

"Do you think he'll make anything out of it?"

"Gee, Father, he got that *rosa, rosae* quicker than I ever did."

"And when did all this happen?"

"Well, Father, we had a breakdown this morning. Three of us fell off the tail-board of a wagon and landed in the street. The rest of the gang made the driver whip up his horse and they almost got away from us. But we caught them anyway. And then he took the book, as if he were afraid of it, and—Golly! he had that *rosa, rosae* down before I could stop him. I think he'll be just O. K."

"Admitted to the class," said the priest. And that was the end of a perfect day—beginning with a dumping into the street, as if a cold world would throw him out, and ending by being taken into a Latin class with the view of going to the College and then the Seminary, toward the ultimate goal: The Priesthood.

The details of going to College were worked out some time after. The newcomer's father had died a short time before the day for leaving. His mother would be left alone to support herself and three other children who were all at school, and the first of them to be graduated would only come to graduation in another two years. The good priest, with the aid of some charitably inclined people, managed the finances of the College stay. Newcomer was entering the seminary of a religious order, where the order bore the expenses of his higher studies.

In the long run he was a good subject, a hard student, and became a missionary of fame, who many times repaid the Order to which he belonged the expenses of his training.

If you ask for an incentive to his vocation, it would seem to me, and he often told me the same thing himself, that it was only the Latin Grammar and that first word, "*rosa*," that inclined him that way.

Pray he did. Go to the Sacraments he did also; he could hardly have been expected to do otherwise with a mother who was stealing away to early Mass every morning in spite of her household duties. And the example of prayer in the home, no doubt, too, had its influence. Yet, the Latin Grammar was the final, shall I call it, grace and call from On High.

You may ask how his poor mother fared without the means of his

support. Well, that is a short story. She thrived as she had never thrived before. Good hard work at her trade of seamstress brought the means of paying rent and school moneys and of buying food for herself and the three. When they finished their schooling she was again confronted with a vocation. The oldest daughter entered the convent. And the two younger surviving children took care of the mother to her dying day. She used often to say that she never had things go so well until she deprived herself of the support her two older children might have brought. And she used to add that she believed most firmly that God could and would not be outdone in generosity by any of his creatures, no matter how lowly the creature might be. Likewise she used to say: the more one gives to God in spite of human considerations and human wisdom the more one gets in return.

This poor boy finished in a blaze of glory. His mother was financially better fixed after she made the sacrifice of his support. His family was proud of their son and brother, a priest—and with reason.

A MYSTERY

Mr. Bernard Shaw, the well-known English writer, has been very widely quoted as saying:

"I have never been able to understand why the subject of the pitched battle between Church and State in Mexico was dropped so suddenly by the British press, after it had been featured with the prominence its importance deserved for several days."

But the British press does not stand alone in its silence on events in Mexico. The same mystery faces us here.

"If the Russian Government," continues Bernard Shaw, "which repudiates the Greek Church can nevertheless tolerate it, however contemptuously, one would like to know why the Mexican Government cannot afford to be equally broadminded, instead of behaving like Queen Elizabeth."

This is putting the so-called government of Mexico in the right company—the most detestable tyrants.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this, that when the injury began on his part the kindness should begin on ours.—*Tillotson*.

The Paulist Community

1858—1928

Reprinted from the *Catholic World*.

Seventy years ago the Missionary Society of St. Paul the Apostle, popularly called the Paulist Fathers, was organized. Five American priests, all converts, and all members of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, on the advice of Pope Pius IX, instituted a new Community for the special purpose of bringing the knowledge of the Catholic Faith to the whole American people.

Five stalwart champions of the Faith were these pioneer missionaries to their American brethren outside the fold: Isaac Thomas Hecker, the leader of the group, of German Lutheran stock, found his way through Transcendentalism into the Catholic Church; Augustine F. Hewit, first a New England Congregationalist, then an Episcopalian, was destined to succeed Father Hecker as Superior of the Paulist Community; George Deshon, classmate of General Grant at West Point, an Ordnance Lieutenant in the United States Army, came from the Episcopal Church; Francis A. Baker of Baltimore, all too short-lived, was a graduate of Princeton and an eloquent preacher; Clarence A. Walworth, son of a Chancellor of the State of New York, a companion of Hecker's in the Redemptorist novitiate in Belgium, like Baker, was a convert from the Episcopal ministry.

In 1858, then, four of this group of priests—Walworth held back, joined them later, but was forced by ill health to withdraw in 1865—applied to Archbishop Hughes of New York with a Program of Rule, were accepted by him and established themselves on the site of the present imposing and beautiful church in that city.

Seventy years is a brief space in Church History, and in the annals of the Sons of Benedict or Francis or Dominic would comprise only a few pages, but it is the whole history of the Paulist Fathers. Those seventy years have seen many works inaugurated and developed that have meant much for the Church in the United States and Canada. Looking back along the road as we pass this seventieth milestone, we can see the stately structures that have risen from the labors of those first Paulists and their successors: Missions, Parishes, Literary Work, Newman Clubs, Radio.

Missions to Catholics have always been an important part of Paulist activity. Preachers equipped to present the great moral truths forcefully and prayerfully have given these missions in every State in the Union and in most of the Provinces of Canada. Sometimes joined to these, sometimes independently, series of lectures to non-Catholics are given; or, in many sections of the country, the two features are combined—moral instructions and doctrinal lectures. It is impossible to estimate the good that has been accomplished by the non-Catholic missions. The answering of written questions is always a feature, and even where actual conversions have not taken place—though there have been thousands of these—false views of Catholic faith have been corrected. Wherever these missions are preached, they are instrumental in revivifying Catholic faith and virtue, and in dispelling prejudice against the Church and enlightening our earnest-minded fellow citizens on the truth about Catholic belief and practice and history. It is literally continuing into the twentieth century the preaching of the Inspired Word of God begun in the Judean hills and by the lakeside in Galilee, carried forward with great impetus by St. Paul the Apostle to the Gentiles, Patron of the Paulist Community, and by the long line of missionaries through all the centuries and in every land who have carried the Torch of Truth to those who sit in darkness.

Not only by missions are present-day Paulists linked to the Founders of seventy years ago. Those men of far-seeing vision and intrepid courage planned a church in their first parish in New York. With what prophetic eye they read the future of the great cosmopolitan city is evident now to the thousands who fill the Church of St. Paul the Apostle every week. Designed by Father Deshon, who had learned his engineering at West Point Military Academy, architects said it would not stand up. The soldier-priest has been justified. The immense span of the wide-arched roof, beginning ninety feet above the floor, does stand, covering a huge church in which are eleven altars. Two years ago was celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the laying of its corner stone. It stands, and, please God, will stand for many years as a monument to the faith, the courage, and the genius, of the first Paulists.

From the original headquarters in New York other foundations have been made in the course of these seventy years. The Old Cathedral in San Francisco was turned over to the Paulists; it is on the edge of picturesque Chinatown and a block away now stands a modern Chinese school with its chapel in which Mass is offered every Sunday. Old

St. Mary's remains a landmark in the Catholic history of the Pacific Coast. Likewise in Chicago an historic church was given to the Community, another St. Mary's, just outside the loop district, the busy downtown of the great metropolis that lies between East and West. As the years passed other parishes and mission centers were opened. The South has two: Winchester, Tennessee, with its home parish and several out-missions; its castle-like residence accommodates groups of laymen who come for Retreats from the Southern cities during the summer. In Austin, Texas, is a small church, near the State University, which serves in the double capacity of a parish church and a chapel for the Catholic students at that University.

Other dioceses invited the Paulist Fathers to establish themselves in their cities, so that now, in addition to the places already mentioned, they have churches in Minneapolis, Minnesota; Portland, Oregon; Los Angeles, California; and there is a second church in New York. Nor has our neighboring country to the North been forgotten. Toronto, Ontario, has had a Paulist parish for many years, and just lately there was built a splendid new church to replace the small one with which the Community began. In Toronto, also, which has a splendid University, the Paulists have charge of a Newman Club for the Catholic students, with their own beautiful Gothic chapel. This work for the Catholic students at non-sectarian universities has been a feature of Paulist activity for a long time: it is carried on with a splendid equipment in the way of chapel, library and club-rooms in Berkeley at the State University of California, with more modest accommodations in Minneapolis, and with an attractive Newman Hall at Columbia University, New York.

A signal favor was bestowed upon the Community by Pope Benedict XV, when he invited the Fathers to take charge of the Church of Santa Susanna in Rome, and make it the official church for Americans in the Holy City.

The first recruits that came to the original group of Paulists made their preparation for the priesthood and for special works of the Community at the mother-house in New York. When the Catholic University of America was begun in Washington, D. C., in 1888, the Paulist Community was the first to establish itself there in the old manor house on the estate. At a later date, under the auspices of the Catholic Missionary Union, the Apostolic Mission House was built near by to train

other priests in the Paulist method of giving missions to Catholics and non-Catholics. To train its own candidates, the Community now finds it necessary to maintain three separate institutions: a house for preparatory studies at St. Charles' College, Catonsville, Maryland; a novitiate at Oak Ridge, New Jersey; and St. Paul's College, which replaces their original home at the Catholic University.

Father Hecker and his associates were impressed with the necessity of using the press in order to reach a larger audience than would be possible by sermon and lecture. It was the dream of his life to have a Catholic daily paper. That dream has never been realized. But he wrote books, and the Community was in existence only three years when the first volume of Paulist sermons was published. Then in 1865 came the most ambitious venture, *The Catholic World*. That magazine of literature and science and Catholic thought has been issued every month since April, 1865. It is another bridge spanning the seventy years. The Apostolate of the Press has taken other forms in the Community's history: the scholarly work of the Rev. Bertrand L. Conway in defense of Catholic truth, the rich devotional literature of the Rev. Walter Elliott and the Very Rev. Joseph McSorley, and even music and poetry have had their place. Their own Paulist Press has done the printing of most of these books. The Catholic Missionary Union, in Washington, sponsors another magazine, *The Missionary*.

In very recent years there has been a tremendous increase in the writing and circulation of pamphlets. Realizing that hundreds of people who will not take the trouble to read books, will read a small pamphlet or a smaller leaflet, the newly organized Paulist League is carrying on an intensive campaign to spread this type of literature far and wide. The goal is a million a year! Last July it was announced that 712,000 pamphlets had been distributed in the preceding year. Very largely this is being accomplished through the bookracks set up in churches, convents, and colleges. An energetic Rack Tenders' Association is supervising this work throughout the country.

The most modern means of spreading Catholic truth is Radio. It is in the spirit of the Paulists of seventy years ago who used every means at their disposal to disseminate the teachings of the Church, that their spiritual sons in this age should use the latest medium for reaching the widest possible audience. It is consonant with this spirit that they were quick to grasp the possibilities and to take steps at once

to actualize them. Radio station WLWL has been on the air since September, 1925; its message has been heard not only in many parts of the United State and Canada far distant from New York, but in Liverpool and in Blackpool, England, and in far-off Greenland. The services from the Church of St. Paul the Apostle are broadcast on Sunday nights, and through the week, apologetic lectures, the ever-popular Question Box, talks on social problems, books, drama, current topics, together with dignified musical programs, have many thousands of listeners.

THE SHINING LIGHT

Dr. J. P. Arendzen, at a meeting of the Catholic Evidence Guild, made some remarks concerning a means of Catholic Evidence within the power of all to put before the world. He said:

"The people who want to have solid rock under their feet have to be shown the way to possess such foothold. One way is for practicing Catholics so to live in the world that their neighbors will realize that they are somehow different, meaning that, in addition to their Catholic conduct, they carry about with them some atmosphere of the supernatural.

"The world suspects that the Catholic Church offers more to the Faithful than any sect offers its adherents. You and I, therefore, lie under the unescapable obligation of making others want to be Catholics because they see what Catholicism means to us. In such ways, even the most obscure person may interpose an accent of the eternal into the discordant jargon of time—faint hints of a note or two of that harmony which is familiar to the heavenly army.

"This is one way in which we can try and help our friends who are Protestants or Secularists. It may help them, ultimately, to find the full interpretation and realization of the beautiful hymn they learned in their childhood, with its haunting appeal:

"'Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.'"

It is the beautiful charity the parish priest bestows upon the poor, the solicitude he shows for the children of his people, the fatherly love with which he enters into their joys and sorrows, that glorify the priesthood in the common eye.

The Student Abroad

A MESSAGE

J. W. BRENNAN, C.Ss.R.

It is some months now since the Student ceased his wanderings. From New York to the Azores Islands to Lisbon, Portugal, on through the Mediterranean to Naples and Rome, and through various parts of Italy, his steps led throughout a period of two years. Then the word of command came to him and the restless trek began anew, this time leading farther to the east. Constantinople, Smyrna, Cyprus, Athens, Beirut, Damascus, Palestine from the famous Dan to Beersheba, Egypt with its mysterious vast spaces, France, England, and Ireland, all had their place in his itinerary. Throughout the entire trip, the Student, acting under express command, kept the readers of *THE LIGUORIAN* constantly in touch with the places in which he was located. The series of articles which resulted attracted more attention than their author ever dreamed of. The Student returned to America to find a number of requests awaiting him for the publishing of this series of experiences and impressions in permanent book form.

After a great many delays and much labor, those requests are now about to be answered. The Student Abroad will soon appear in book form, published by the Stratford Press of Boston, Mass. It will be substantially the same as the series of articles in *THE LIGUORIAN*, with the exception of a few chapters added to complete the story and a few minor changes here and there in the text.

The idea of the author in writing the Student Abroad, was not so much to produce a book of travels or of personal impressions acquired while traveling, but to reproduce as far as his skill would permit, the scenes he saw and their reactions on him, the experiences he underwent and their after-effects, so that his readers would be enabled to re-live the same scenes and experiences. General impressions of nations and their peoples are given, together with descriptions of out-of-the-way places which are rarely if ever visited by the traveler. Anecdotes that serve to illustrate the characters of the inhabitants of a given country are told in their proper place, and above all with their proper meaning. At no time does the American Student permit a jeer to pass his lips. His sense of appreciation was fortunately too well developed by excel-

lent teachers for that. He saw too much that was noble and grand in the nations he was privileged to visit, too much also that was pathetic to permit ridicule to spoil his enjoyment. And so he tried to have his readers view these same peoples and their lands with the same friendly glance and the same sense of appreciation.

Although the book was not designed to be a history, many teachers wrote in to state how useful they found the series of articles in their work in the classroom. This feature has been retained in the book, but here, too, the plan was not to provide a substitute for books of history, but rather a little collateral reading which might serve to add point to otherwise dry history classes.

In short, the Student tried to be a genuine Student with a student's views and objectives constantly before his mind. And he took it for granted that the average American reader has the same ideals as his own.

If the book serves to recall to memory some of the happy incidents some of its readers may have experienced abroad, and if it serves to transport some of the less fortunate to the lands across the sea which they would fain visit were conditions more favorable, even though it be for the space of a few hours; if it helps others to see and enjoy and profit by the beauties and benefits Europe has to offer, that the Student himself enjoyed and now treasures, the book will have achieved all that it is expected to do. And the requests of those LIGUORIAN readers which prompted its publication will have been answered.

Our thoughts are more a true measure of ourselves than our actions are. They are not under the control of human respect. It is not easy for them to be ashamed of themselves: they have no witnesses but God. They are not bound to keep within certain limits nor observe certain proprieties. Religious motives alone can claim jurisdiction over them.
—*Faber.*

Many a child has been spoiled by too much governing; but a worse fault in parents is to command twice. Orders should not be given thoughtlessly; and when rightly given it is criminal in parents to yield.

Tears over an erring child may be as useless as rain on uprooted corn. See, therefore, that the corn be not uprooted—keep out the hogs.

Diamonds Trump Diamonds.

C.Ss.R.

Whilst I restfully perused the morning paper and enjoyed an after-breakfast cigar—one of the iron-clad customs of the preacher of country missions—Father Cormody, the pastor, was opening his morning mail. More than once during my ten days' stay with him, I had secretly studied the placid countenance, the broad, smooth forehead, and leonine mane of iron-gray hair that belonged to Father Cormody. Knowing his past history, I wondered how it could be possible that time had written no lines on his hoary brow. As he sat in his Morris chair, his feet propped on a footstool to allow as few twinges as possible of his troublesome rheumatism, he looked all of his three-score and ten. Conceal it as he would, Father Cormody was getting feeble, and only one well versed in the lives of the priests of the diocese could recognize in his attenuated form the youth who had first made an American Catholic College famous on gridiron and diamond, or the priest who had led mine labor to its first really successful battle against capital. All these things had Father Cormody done and more: as student; as pastor of the largest church in America's anthracite metropolis; as Chaplain of the State Penitentiary; and even now as gray-haired pastor of a country flock in a sleepy rural Pennsylvania village.

My study in the latest developments in the search of our premier boxing promoter to find a worthy opponent for the current heavyweight champion was interrupted by Father Cormody's rheumatic groan, as he tossed a check, made out to him on a California bank, over the top of my newspaper.

"Look that over, young fellow," said Father Cormody in his booming voice, "and after you have finished the paper, I'll tell you the story of the convict who made diamonds trumps, worked the shrewdest crooked deal that Philadelphia has ever seen, and with the perfectly honest proceeds of his dishonest game went out West and settled down on a ranch with the sweetheart who had waited fifteen years to prove that love is not always a passing affair of a moment."

"The promise of that story sounds more interesting than anything in this morning's paper," I replied, casting the news sheet aside. "So, go ahead with the story, for, like the corn in your crib, I am all ears."

"You noticed the name signed on that check for One Hundred Dollars?" inquired the pastor.

"Patrick J. Byrne. Surely an honest Irish name, if the owner is as honest as his name," I answered, lighting another of Father's excellent Havanas.

"He is honest and always was honest, though he served fifteen years for grand larceny," replied the priest. "Four or five times a year, according to the state of prosperity of his fruit ranch, Pat sends me a check for a handsome sum. One of his customs is to send me a check just before the Feast of St. Patrick to remind me that he and I both glory in bearing the name of Ireland's patron Saint. But let me tell you the story without any more ado, else we'll never be getting out for the morning drive in my car. And a missionary who does not get his morning air proves a drowsy confessor in the afternoon."

"You have the floor, Reverend sir," I laughed. "Proceed with the narrative of the 'honest' Irish convict."

"Well," said Father Cormody, "when I first met Pat, at the beginning of my term as Chaplain at the 'pen,' he had only a year to serve to the completion of his fifteen-year sentence. I was struck by his appearance the very first time I saw him. He was employed as a book-keeper in the Warden's office, and despite his prison garb, he looked more like a banker than a convict."

"Appearances are deceitful," I quoted blithely.

"Yes, as one of your fellow missionaries discovered once upon a time in my parish," retorted Father Cormody. "Seems that he was looking for a face that bore the very stamp of innocence to play St. John in a Passion play he had written. He found the face on one of my parishioners, but found he couldn't use the fellow because he wasn't allowed to leave the State. He was a burglar on parole after serving his third term in the 'pen.'" And Father Cormody laughed heartily. "But Pat Byrne was as honest as he looked."

"How did he happen to be serving a fifteen-year sentence, then?" I asked.

"'Framed,'" said Father sententiously. "Of course, you will scoff at that. The surprising thing about our jails is that you will hardly find a single inmate who will admit that he is in prison because he deserves to be there. They are the most innocent crowd of men, according to their own stories, that ever were assembled. Rascals. But now

and then, one meets a really innocent man serving an unjust sentence. This is a very rare occurrence, but Pat Byrne was one such case."

"This is getting interesting," said I. "I suppose you proved his innocence belatedly and sent him forth freed from the felon's stain to rejoin that boyhood sweetheart of whom you spoke in the beginning of this romance."

"Please do not call this tale a 'romance,'" urged Father Cormody, "because a romance, according to the latest Standard Dictionary, is a fictitious tale; a fable; an exaggeration. This story contains only bare, hard facts."

"Have it your way," I bantered. "Present the evidence, and let me, as a jury of one, pass judgment."

"Pat Byrne, before his entrance to prison, was a salesman for a firm of jewelers, whose name is now internationally famous," continued Father Cormody. "At the time Pat met with his misfortune, and disgrace came upon him, they were struggling along in the first steps toward prosperity. Two brothers comprised the firm when Pat joined them. One of these had been Pat's unfailing friend. He taught Pat, who had begun as office boy, all he knew about diamonds, which was more than considerable. Unfortunately for Pat, this man died, though at his death he left to Pat ten thousand dollars invested in the firm, thus making Pat a partner in the business—the remainder of which was to belong to his brother, his wife and his young son. The surviving brother was to have sole charge of the firm until such time as Pat had earned and laid aside enough to increase his share to twenty-five thousand dollars invested in the business. When this stage of affairs had been reached, Pat was to be given a full share in the management and to have one-third of the profits of the firm."

"Quite a nice situation for a young man," I interpolated.

"Right," responded the old priest, "and when I tell you Pat was only twenty-two years old when he began serving his sentence, you will see that life ahead seemed quite a rosy proposition, especially since he had won the love of as good and true a Catholic girl as the sun ever rose upon, as after events proved beyond a doubt. Well, the surviving brother loved nobody but himself. His management of the business was shrewd but questionable as to honesty. More than once Federal Operatives had investigated charges that the firm dealt in smuggled diamonds, but they could prove nothing. Pat's protests were summarily

silenced. He was told he had nothing to say in the conduct of the business: his job was to sell the uncut diamonds, in which the firm then specialized, to dealers in the smaller cities. Buying and selling and the running of the Philadelphia store was entirely in the hands of the brother and head of the firm. This was absolutely correct. Still, Pat didn't like the way things were going. The firm's credit was strained to the limit. Goods were not always as represented. Smuggled diamonds were undoubtedly being bought and sold.

"Though the firm, to which Pat then belonged, is now one of the most solid, financially, in the City of Brotherly Love, things were not always thus," continued Father Cormody. "In fact, though Pat had managed by economy to save five thousand dollars and add it to his stock in the firm, things were on the verge of shipwreck several times. Pat protested, but the brother in charge told him curtly to mind his own business. Such quarrels certainly did not make the best feelings between the two. Finally, after deep planning, the unscrupulous brother determined to get rid of Pat for good and all, and at the same time to get hold of the fifteen thousand the young man had invested in the firm."

"So I suppose he burglarized the store, left one of Pat's gloves in the store for evidence, and the poor innocent young man, according to his story to the poor gullible chaplain in the jail, was sent to prison for a long term," I said, laughing sarcastically. "Father, dear, there is no need of proceeding. I have heard such tales before, but never believed them."

"Dead wrong, young man," replied Father Cormody placidly. "I, too, have heard some wonderful yarns from prisoners, but this one is exceptional in that events proved it absolutely true."

"Very well, proceed," said I. "But you must admit, the story so far reads like a dime thriller."

"It will sound more so as it unfolds," said the old priest. "I don't blame you for being rather skeptical, but have patience. No, the brother did not stoop to anything so crude as burglary. His scheme had more finesse. You see, Pat came home to Philadelphia about once a month to renew his contract with the firm. Also, to replenish his sample case. In many instances he made sales outright to dealers from his case—they much desired some particular stone for matching purposes. On one occasion, Pat had filled his case for a Sunday departure. Late Saturday

he selected the stones he was to carry, in value about twenty thousand dollars, checked them over with the brother, signed for them and locked them in the safe. He and the brother left the store together. Sunday morning the brother opened the store, and Pat took his case and departed. The seals, of course, were unbroken."

"And when he arrived at the end of the journey, the jewels were missing," I ejaculated interestedly.

"Correct," said Father Cormody sententiously. "The seals were unbroken, but the sample case was filled with worthless junk. Remember, he had signed for the diamonds. Declared he had boarded the train, gone to his destination and found the rubbish on opening the case—the seals still unbroken."

"A pretty story, but try to get a jury to believe it," said I. "Still, he might have grounds enough with a shrewd lawyer to inspire reasonable doubt in the mind of a judge."

"Pat's honesty was so well known that he had everybody in his favor, including the widow and son of his benefactor, the deceased partner in the business. They believed what was really the case: that Saturday night the dishonest partner returned to the store, opened the safe, replaced the diamonds, resealed the case, and sent Pat off with incriminating evidence all against him. So he might have gone free, except for one flaw in his story."

"What was that?" I asked.

"Pat had declared his intention of boarding a train and going straight to his destination Sunday. As a matter of fact, he did not do this, though he failed to mention this fact when he was arrested. He had spent Sunday night in his old home and had gone direct from the train to the house of the girl to whom he was engaged. He spent the night with his parents, and as they lived out of town, he had left the jewels, overnight, at the home of his girl friend."

"Which lent an entirely different aspect to the case," said I.

"Yes," said Father Cormody, "so much so, that it really hindered Pat from making a proper defense in court. The rascally brother, who managed the firm, insisted on bringing him into court, though the widow and son of his benefactor pleaded to allow him to go free on the surrender of his fifteen thousand dollar interest in the firm. The unscrupulous brother even intended to, or at least threatened to have the girl tried as an accomplice in the theft. To prevent this, Pat surrendered

his interest in the firm, pleaded guilty, and received the limit of the law. Shortly afterwards the widow and son withdrew their capital and went into business for themselves. However, the villain prospered, and joining the partnership with as great a rascal as himself, built up a fine business and ultimately bought out his partner."

"Which would seem entirely to disprove the old adage that 'honesty is the best policy,'" I exclaimed indignantly.

"Yes, but another proverb was proved in the end," smiled Father Cormody, namely: "'The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly fine.' The rascally brother, after the sentence of Pat, even went so far as to taunt the unfortunate young man, admitting that he had 'framed' him, but defying Pat to prove it or get even. It took Pat almost a year, after he got out of prison, to get what was coming to him; but, of course, he never was and never could be paid for his fifteen years in prison."

"And how did he get back his money?" I asked.

"The girl, Mamie Riely, to whom he was engaged, waited all the years he was in prison to fulfill her promise to marry him. Meanwhile, things had gone well with her. Investments of her father, in what seemed worthless oil stocks, suddenly became valuable indeed, and left her with a very tidy fortune. Pat wanted to wait, after his release from prison, until he had earned enough to support her himself, but she would not hear of this. She had thought of a plan, a shrewd, fearless plan, by which Pat could get back what justly belonged to him. She supplied the working capital for the scheme. The plan worked and the pair bought a fruit ranch in California and settled down to a quiet, happy life. They have been blessed with two children, one of whom is called Patrick Cormody Byrne, after myself, because I married his father and mother and was the go-between in the scheme that got his father's money back from the villain." And Father Cormody lit a cigar complacently as though his tale were done.

"Hold on—Hold on, Father!" I exclaimed, "that's a happy ending to a sad story, all right, but you've omitted the most interesting part of it. How on earth did Pat get back his fifteen thousand dollars without coming into conflict with the law?"

"I thought your curiosity would make you ask that," laughed Father Cormody. He rumaged, for a moment, through a drawer in his desk and produced a newspaper clipping. "Here, read this, while I smoke

my cigar, and get ready for my drive," he said, tossing the clipping to me. He rose rheumatically and left the room, while I perused the article which was from a Philadelphia paper of some five years back.

The article was headed: "SHREWD SCHEME OUTWITS PROMINENT JEWELER." The story in brief was this. On a certain day a well-dressed man, representing himself as an oil man from the West, appeared at the jewelry store and gave an order for a diamond necklace to be presented to his wife. He picked the diamonds himself and with the aid of an expert decided on the design into which the jewels were to be set. The price demanded for the necklace was twenty thousand dollars. The customer gave his address as a suite of rooms in a prominent hotel, and asked that the necklace be sent there C. O. D. when finished. Investigation on the part of the dealer proved the name and address to be authentic. The customer insisted on only one thing, that the necklace be made up of stones which would be very hard to duplicate, as he wished to have a necklace for his wife unique in every respect. Every precaution was taken by the jeweler to prevent robbery or fraud, two private detectives being sent with the representative of the firm when the necklace was delivered. These precautions seemed unnecessary as the customer professed himself satisfied with the necklace and proffered a check on the Philadelphia Trust Co. in payment. The bank vouched for the check, and it was paid on presentation.

The incident seemed closed. However, two months later the same man appeared at the store. He reminded the jeweler of the purchase of the necklace and asserted that he was the victim of a woman's whim. His sister had been so taken by the necklace presented to his wife that she made life miserable for him by coaxing for one exactly like it. To his sister's pleas was joined his wife's voice, who urged him to comply with the request. Hence his call to the jeweler. Could he duplicate that necklace? The jeweler assured him that this feat would be well-nigh impossible. Something very like it—yes; exactly the same—hardly, as the customer knew that there were three diamonds in the necklace that were unique. However, he would try. But it might cost much more than the original necklace. The customer replied that money was no object. He would pay twice twenty thousand dollars to have peace at home. The jeweler and his staff got busy. They ransacked their own stock and looked over the stock of other jewelers. In vain. At the end of two weeks they reported to the prospective customer,

who was staying at the same hotel at which he had originally registered, that their task was hopeless. Would he appear at the store and accept something else?

He appeared at the store, but would take nothing else. "It must be possible to duplicate that necklace somehow," he asserted. "I'll make it worth your while to search further. Get me the duplicate of that necklace and I'll pay you forty-five thousand dollars cash, the day it is placed in my hands."

This offer was too tempting to be ignored. The search was renewed. Every jewelry store and every dealer in Philadelphia and New York was on the lookout for stones suitable to supply what the Philadelphia jeweler wanted. Meantime the customer notified the firm that he was checking out from his hotel and gave an address in Tulsa, where he could be reached in case the necklace was secured. A week or so after his departure another Philadelphia jeweler asked the firm to examine a necklace which had come into his possession, as he believed it might supply the answer to the riddle. An expert was sent to the second jeweler. He reported back to the firm, that the necklace on hand, though entirely different in design, still contained stones which would undoubtedly supply those that the firm could not match. The proprietor himself went and examined the necklace. To his delight he discovered that with only three stones missing which he himself could supply, the diamonds were just what he wanted. Visions of at least thirty thousand dollars clear profit came before him.

However, his dream of such profit was not to be realized. The jeweler who owned the necklace with the desired stones refused to sell for less than thirty-two thousand dollars. In vain the jeweler who had the order for the Forty-five Thousand Dollar necklace pointed out that the jewels in the necklace were worth less than fifteen thousand dollars at the prevalent prices. In fact, stones were lacking to the value of five thousand dollars that he himself would have to supply in order to duplicate the original necklace. The rival in business pointed out to him that it would be easy for himself to supply these stones, get in touch with the prospective buyer and duplicate the necklace for him for thirty-five thousand dollars. Surely the customer would jump at the chance to save ten thousand dollars, since he had signed no contract to purchase the necklace at forty-five thousand.

The owner of the firm from whom the necklace had been originally

sought realized the truth of this. He argued and pleaded, but was told that he had twenty-four hours in which to consider the offer. He could have the necklace for thirty-two thousand, which was splitting the profits of the deal in half, or the firm possessing the stones desired, would get in touch with the customer and fill his demand themselves. Needless to say he was forced to yield. The owner of the original firm appeared at his rival's next day and purchased the necklace for thirty-two thousand dollars. He was very angry, claiming that he was paying more than twice its value for a necklace worth only fifteen thousand at the highest. His rival in business coolly pointed out to him that the purchase was entirely optional and the profit he expected to realize large enough to suit any reasonable man. His check for thirty-two thousand dollars was presented for payment and cashed at once. He took the purchased necklace, made up the design the man in Oklahoma had desired and notified the Westerner that his firm would send the necklace via special messenger as soon as a certified check for Forty-five Thousand Dollars was sent them.

To the consternation of the jeweler no such check came to hand. The Westerner replied to the letter, notifying him that the necklace he had wanted was ready for purchase by a curt note saying that his sister had changed her mind, since the wife had disposed of her necklace. He, therefore, no longer wished for such a necklace and the firm was at liberty to dispose of it.

The jeweler, of course, was wild. He believed he had been swindled. Detectives were put to work; the best lawyers were consulted; but though the men of law asserted that conspiracy to defraud might be suspected, it could never be proven in court, as no collusion between the jeweler and the Westerner could be proved. He was advised to pocket his loss and keep quiet.

Thus ended the article. Father Cormody came into the room just as I finished reading it. My cigar had gone out, so completely was I absorbed in reading the article.

"So," said I, "your friend Pat posed as a Western oil man and in this game of diamonds trump diamonds, got back twelve thousand of the fifteen thousand out of which he had been swindled."

"You are wrong on two points," laughed Father Cormody. "You forget some stones were missing from the necklace, sold his enemy for thirty-two thousand dollars. The sale of these made up the remainder

of the fifteen thousand Pat had lost, and left a commission of fifteen hundred dollars for my friend, the jeweler who negotiated the sale. He undertook the scheme at my request. The Westerner was a real Westerner, an oil man, too, with a real wife and a real sister. Pat's future wife put up the cash. At my solicitation the Western oil man played the game. You see, the very first one they investigated was Pat, but he had been in the neighborhood of Philadelphia all the time. The Westerner and myself were the only ones involved in the actual execution of the plan. Get your coat and hat, and while we are out driving in the bracing air, you can figure out the theology of this game of 'Diamonds Trump Diamonds' as you called it. What do you think of the case? Did the end justify the means?"

"You can't get me into any such argument," I laughed as I prepared to accompany Father Cormody to his auto. "The solution evidently depends entirely on the question whether or not a woman, our Westerner's sister, had a right to change her mind. If we cannot always yield a man the right to change his mind, at least we must always concede that privilege to the fair sex."

ONE FOR HEFLIN

Referring, in a recent address, to the bigotry still prevailing in some parts of the country, Mr. Irvin Cobb, the humorist, is reported by the *San Francisco Leader* to have told this story.

"A local politician, who fished more in the streams than he did in literature, was speaking one night before a number of his fellow townsmen. After enthraling his listeners for a few minutes with weird tales of the Church, he ended his peroration with this stirring announcement:

"'Yes, sir; them Catholics is controlling everything. If we don't watch out, they'll be erecting chasubles in the public square.'"

JUST A LITTLE

Give a little, live a little, try a little mirth; sing a little, bring a little happiness to earth. Pray a little, play a little, be a little glad; rest a little, jest a little, if the heart is sad. Spend a little, send a little to another's door; give a little, live a little, love a little more.—*Ottawa Citizen*.

Catholic Anecdotes

THE ANGELUS IN AFRICA

The artist Millet's masterpiece, the Angelus, has done much to impress upon the world the native piety of French peasantry. A counterpart of that famous picture in African life is related in a Central Verein news item by a distinguished African Missionary:

"My story happened at Warmbad," he relates. "To appreciate the point of it, you must know that poverty there reaches the pitch of privation. The children get a ration of mealy pap at school and they are lucky if they get anything more at home. Well, one day shortly before midday, I passed two of these boys who had brought the porringers of porridge to a shady corner. They were just beginning their meal with manifestly keen relish. A minute or two afterwards, quite unexpectedly to them, I passed them again. The bell had begun to ring, and these two little boys quite alone, at nobody's lead or suggestion had laid their half-emptied bowls upon the ground and with bowed heads and folded hands were saying the Angelus together."

We share the regret of the good missionary when he says, "I wish I could paint."

LAY APOSTLES

Many very good Catholics are evidently of the opinion that the conversion of non-Catholics is a matter that does not concern them, disregarding entirely the effective assistance they can give to the clergy, says the observant *Catholic Times* of London, by the way of restoring to currency another of the memorable utterances of Cardinal Newman, who once said:

"Oblige men to know you; persuade them, importune them, shame them into knowing you. Do not let them off with silence; but give them no escape from confessing that you are not what they thought that you were. . . . A religion that comes from God approves itself to the conscience of the people wherever it is really known."

Pointed Paragraphs

MAY FOR MARY

It was during the battle of Manila. One of the great ships was under full steam when a sailor lad, who had been working in the rigging, fell into the sea. Before the alarm could be given, the ship had already gone many a yard. Slowly it was brought to stop.

On board, while the life line was being prepared, all eyes watched the lad who was swimming for his life. Boldly, strongly he struck out against the powerful waves, till fatigue overcame him. He sank. But he came up, and again he struck out with new vigor, only to weary and sink again. But a third time his forces seemed to be renewed and a third time he rose above the waves.

By now the life line was thrown to him. He clutched it and was dragged up on deck. There he collapsed from sheer exhaustion. When he came to, they asked him what gave him new strength each time when he seemed to fail. Fumbling in the pocket of his blouse, he drew forth a picture. It was old, faded, crinkled from use, water-soaked, but still recognizable.

"There it is," he said smiling. "It's my mother. I thought of her, and I kept saying to myself: Mother, I'm coming to you! I'm coming to you! It was that that renewed my strength."

These Maydays let us take out again the picture of our heavenly mother, our Mother of Perpetual Help. It may be old and worn from daily use. But let us brighten it up and keep it with us ever and say: Mother, I'm coming to you! I'm coming to you!

That will renew our strength. And when the waves of temptation and danger run high, when weariness overcomes us in the daily struggle, it will enable us to strike out anew toward our goal. And Mary will bring us to her Divine Son, Jesus.

Life is real, life is earnest,
 And the grave is not its goal;
 Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
 Was not spoken of the soul.—*Longfellow.*

WHO MADE THEM?

When Napoleon made his voyage across the Mediterranean to begin his celebrated campaign in Egypt he had with him a staff of scientists who were taken along to study conditions in Egypt with a view to improving that country when conquered and also by their investigations to add to the store of scientific knowledge in France. Among these scientists was the great mathematician and physical astronomer, Laplace. Napoleon's latest biographer, Emil Ludwig, gives an interesting account of the discussion with regard to Creation between Napoleon and his staff of scientists one evening on the deck of the ship. He says:

"Napoleon wishing to breathe the night air lies on deck until a late hour. His intimates are sitting around him in a circle and discussion turns on the planets, on the question of whether they are inhabited. Pros and cons are voiced by the disputants. This leads to the problem of Creation. The sons of the revolution, disciples of Voltaire, be they generals or professors, are agreed upon one point, that the universe and its origin are all rationally explicable in terms of natural science without reference to the idea of God. Napoleon lies there listening in silence. Then pointing to the stars he interjects:

"'You may say what you like, but who made those?'"

It is estimated by the astronomers that there are actually millions of solar systems outside of our own universe. Well might Napoleon, contemplating the stars, ask of the scientists of his day, "who made all those," with their systems and their laws.

Scientists there are now, as in Napoleon's time, who would like to explain Creation without a Creator. Loud in the protestations against dogma (blindfolding-the-mind is a favorite phrase), they are the worst to offend by positive assertion without proof. They scoff at something they regard as the "superstitions" of theologians and yet avidly swallow scientific nonsense based upon evidence so flimsy that it would make a tyro in theology blush. Who will ever forget the ridiculous predicament of our learned and dogmatic British and American anthropologists who built up a mythical ape-man, a fore-runner of the human species, from a single tooth found in a Nebraska river bed six years ago, and are now compelled to confess that it was the tooth of a wild pig?

Blindfolding the mind! Well, the victims are not among the theologians.—The St. Paul *Catholic Bulletin*.

JUST GIRLS

From an unidentified source come to us the following paragraphs about a subject that has held the world's interest since time began and which will still be on the lips of men and in the minds of humanity when Gabriel's trumpet sounds the close of the present order of things.

About the biggest moral influence in the world is the girl.

One way or another the trend of progress and the issues of life are in her hands.

Love, they say, is the greatest thing in the world, and a girl, being the very object and symbol of love, is the casket which contains this jewel.

Of course, so great a power is subject to perversion, for always the greatest opportunities may become the greatest dangers.

So the cohorts of folly do their best to enlist girls, and we find girls used as bait wherever there is the devil's fishing.

But the wiles of the evil-minded can never corrupt the human race which is incurably good. The common stock of humanity remains sound.

Every girl wants, in the bottom of her heart, to be right and decent, for the simple reason that she knows that her greatest power lies in being so.

She rules by her ability to awaken ideals. It is this that makes the girl the most important social uplift to the human race.

There is little that we can add to the reflections so clearly put, save this one, perhaps, that too many girls are not "aware" that they are "the biggest moral influence in the world." If they were, they would use that influence to better advantage than is the case at present.

"Honor woman," writes the great poet Schiller, "for it is she that weaves the roses of Paradise into the warp and weft of earthly life." She may demand whatever quality of honor she wishes to demand; but it is not to be expected that man will measure her by a standard higher than that which she places on herself. Herein lies a truth, that every girl, as she approaches womanhood, will do well to ponder.

Time is cried out upon as a great thief; it is people's own fault. Use him well, and you will get from him more than he will ever take from you.

Our Lady's Page

Our Lady of Perpetual Help

NOVENA REPORTS FOR 1927

V. HOLY REDEEMER CHURCH, DETROIT.

Nov. 30-Dec. 8.

Four services daily: 2:00, 4:00, 6:15 and 8:00 P. M.

Number of confessions, 7,000; number of Holy Communions, 25,000; number of petitions, 19,538; number of thanksgivings, 2,178; average daily attendance, 5,000; total attendance, 45,000.

Conducted by Rev. Fathers A. Schott and P. Youngblood.

VI. ST. ALPHONSUS CHURCH, CHICAGO.

Date: Nov. 30-Dec. 8.

Three services daily: 8:30 A. M. and 3:00 and 7:45 P. M.

Number of confessions, 3,700; number of Holy Communions, 6,500; number of petitions, 6,649; number of thanksgivings, 159; average daily attendance, 2,100; total attendance, 18,975.

Conducted by Rev. H. Seifert.

VII. ST. ALPHONSUS CHURCH, GRAND RAPIDS.

Date: Nov. 30-Dec. 8.

Two services daily: 3:00 and 8:00 P. M.

Number of confessions, 2,500; number of Holy Communions, 4,000; number of petitions, 3,000; number of thanksgivings, 31; average daily attendance, 1,100; total attendance, 10,000.

Conducted by Rev. Edw. Molloy.

VIII. ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, DENVER.

Date: Nov. 30-Dec. 8.

Two services daily: 3:30-7:30 P. M.

Number of confessions, 910; number of Holy Communions, 3,128; number of petitions, 5,115; number of thanksgivings, 108; average daily attendance, 1,520; total attendance, 13,710.

Conducted by Rev. A. Zeller.

IX. ST. ALPHONSUS' CHURCH, DAVENPORT.

Date: April 30-May 8.

Two services daily at 7:30 and 8:30 P. M.

Number of confessions, 200; number of Holy Communions, 1,143; number of petitions, 5,173; number of thanksgivings, 136; average daily attendance, 1,000; total attendance, 9,000.

Conducted by Rev. A. F. Browne.

X. ST. GERARD'S CHURCH, SAN ANTONIO.

Date: Nov. 30-Dec. 8.

Two services daily: at 3:30 and at 7:30 P. M.

Number of confessions, 650; number of Holy Communions, 3,355; number of petitions, 18,166; number of thanksgivings, 2,160; average daily attendance, 650; total attendance, 5,850.

Conducted by Rev. B. J. Krieger.

XI. HOLY NAME CHURCH, OMAHA.

First Novena, March 5-13.

Five services: at 6:30 and 8:15 A. M., and at 3:00, 7:00 and 8:15 P. M.

Number of confessions, 800; number of Holy Communions, 3,000; number of petitions, 15,000; number of thanksgivings, 500; average daily attendance, 1,000; total attendance, 11,000.

Conducted by Rev. A. F. Browne.

Second Novena: May 7-15.

Five services daily: 6:30-7:15 A.M. and at 3:00, 7:00 and 8:15 P. M.

Number of confessions, 700; number of Holy Communions, 2,500; number of petitions, 8,000; number of thanksgivings, 450; average daily attendance, 900; total attendance, 10,000.

Conducted by Rev. Jos. A. Girven.

Third Novena: Oct. 23-Nov. 1.

Five services daily: 6:30-8:15 A. M. and at 3:00, 7:00 and 8:15 P. M.

Number of confessions, 1,000; number of Holy Communions, 4,000; number of petitions, 16,000; number of thanksgivings, 600; average daily attendance, 1,600; total attendance, 15,000.

Conducted by Rev. L. McKeown.

(To be continued)

Keep a child's heart white that Our Lady might walk across its snow without staining her sandal.

Catholic Events

America, the Catholic weekly review published by the Jesuit Fathers in New York, in its issue for April 21, brings an article entitled: "Three More Months in Mexico." It is written by Philip Bailey, who claims to have documentary proof for every assertion he makes. It is a list of murders and felonies committed by the Mexican Government, and shows the extent of the persecution our Catholic brethren of Mexico are suffering. It is a dreadful recital. We take the liberty to quote from it. Since the press of the country is silent, we must be grateful to have this source of information.

Dec. 28. The mayor of Cocula, Jalisco, entered into one of the churches of the city with a group of men; took out all the statues and religious objects and burned them all. The organ was burned inside the church. Some of the men put on the sacerdotal vestments and started a dance around the fire.

Dec. 30. Agents of Calles, disguised as priests, heard the confessions of the country people, in order to obtain evidence, through their confessions, that they were connected with the movement of revolt. After this evidence had been obtained, the people, who believed they had been heard by a priest, were imprisoned, and some murdered.

Dec. 31. Rev. N. N., captured while saying Mass in a chapel on Christmas Eve, still in the police dungeon, on account of not having paid a fine of \$1,000, imposed by the authorities.

Dec. 31. A telegram from the Mexican capital to *El Diario de El Paso*, informs that Rev. N. N. was requested by a group of secret service men to attend a man on his dying bed. He suspected that they were setting a trap for him and refused to leave his home. The men took him out by force; they whipped a boy and the priest's sister. Father N. N. was taken out without even a coat and kept in prison for three days. Later on he was deported and nobody knows where he was sent.

Jan. 4. The National Council of Catholic Women calls attention to President Coolidge to their letter of Dec. 27, stating the following facts:

(a) Seventeen women were captured in a suburb of the City of Mexico on account of their belonging to a Catholic Religious Order, and devoting their lives to prayer. They were sent to the prison of the police headquarters, under accusation of having violated the anti-religious laws.

(b) At Tula, Hidalgo, General Izaquirre captured the community known as the "Nuns of Ejutla." The Mother Superior was shot and the others delivered to the soldiery.

(c) The hands of the rector of the parish church of Tamazula were cut off to prevent his ever saying Mass. The mutilation killed him.

Jan. 5. Rev. Pablo Garcia de Jesus Maria, of Aguascalientes, who was in hiding, as all priests are now in Mexico, was denounced and deported by orders of General Palam. At the station of Santa Maria, Father Garcia gave absolution to a man dying of a gunshot wound. For this cause alone the guards broke his hand and mutilated him in his ears, nose, tongue, and eyes. He died in the train and the soldiers dropped his body at the station of Encarnacion de Dios, where they abandoned it.

Jan. 5. A priest, and a young man, brother of the Licentiate Anacleto Gonzales Flores, one of the first persons sacrificed for the cause of Christ on April 1, 1927, were shot. The young man was killed for publishing a small newspaper in connection with the religious persecution.

Jan. 23. Father N. N., six men and three women imprisoned; the former for saying Mass in a private residence; the latter for attending the said Mass.

Jan. 25. The police raided the Catholic school of the Sisters of St. Joseph, and imprisoned twenty-one nuns and two lay teachers. The school was closed.

Feb. 5. Report in *Diario de El Paso*, of young Antonio Ybarra of Cotija, Michoacan, who was cruelly maltreated by soldiers. Before he was hanged, he made an effort to hold himself up with one hand, and loosening the rope around his neck, shouted: "Long live Christ, the King!" His mother told the soldiers that she had three other sons, whom she was also willing to offer to her God.

Feb. 7. Father P. M. Perez, rector of the parish church in Salamanca, was imprisoned in that city, under the false pretense that he was implicated in the armed movement; was sent from Salamanca to Irapuato and murdered on the road. Another priest was murdered in the same way at Queretaro.

Feb. 9. Three priests imprisoned for saying Mass at private houses.

Feb. 12. Father Junipero de la Vega, O.F.M., an invalid, and Brother Humilde Martinez, after a long imprisonment at Zamora, were shot on the road between Zamora and Yurecuaro, Michoacan. The bodies were left in the road.

Feb. 18. Seminary of Puebla closed, and the Rector, three priests and fourteen lay professors imprisoned.

Feb. 26. News of Feb. 20 informs that Canon Angel Martinez of the Cathedral of Leon, and his brother, Agustin Martinez, were brutally assassinated at Pueblo Nuevo, Guanajuata.

March 7. From Dolores Hidalgo, wire that a priest was taken from that town to Victoria, where he was shot before the public; also news that on March 2, five other priests were shot, their names concealed by the authorities.

March 15. N.C.W.C. News Service: Father Villareal and five civilians, Mendez, Zamarron, Grimaldo, Montoya, and Velasquez, taken prisoners, submitted to a mock court martial (entirely illegal, since they were all civilians), and immediately taken to the Suacito cemetery, where they were shot, as reprisals for lack of success in capturing Bishop de la Mora, whose residence was raided and looted.

March 15. El Universal Grafico of Mexico City gives names of the priest professors of the diocesan Seminary who are yet in prison owing to inability to pay fines imposed. It speaks of "hundreds of priests who have been arrested recently until the cells of police headquarters could no longer contain the prisoners."

March 15. Private school at Ocampo 8, Tacubaya, closed; two priests arrested, charged with saying Mass in the school. N.C.W.C. Service.

March 15. N.C.W.C. News Service: Father Osorio Leyva, who was arrested recently and charged with distributing literature censuring Calles' anti-religious laws, was condemned by the police to Islas Marias, "Mexico's terrible penal colony."

The Mother Superior of a convent informs that on October 17, 1927, while the nuns were working at their college in San Miguel el Alto, a "general," a major and a group of soldiers, after having looted the house, made prisoner the Superior and four Sisters, who were kept there till Nov. 7, when they were taken to the barracks of San Juan. The nuns were conducted by three hundred soldiers from San Juan to Santa Maria; there kept in a warehouse and finally taken in a cattle car to the dungeons of the barracks at Lagos. After a gentleman had given a bond of \$3,000 they were set free.

Messages from Colima confirm that women are killed for favoring the "religious" boycott of entertainments, etc. Their bodies hung from trees on Piedra Lisa Avenue in the city of Colima.

At Juanacatlan, Jalisco, the soldiers set fire to the church. Catholics tried to put out the fire, and the soldiers killed them with machine guns.

Two young men, R. Melgarejo and Joaquin Silva Cordoba, murdered at Zamora, Michoacan. They tried to make Melgarejo shout: "Long live Calles!" Instead, however, he shouted: "Long live Christ, the King!" The soldiers then began to cut off his ears, and having obtained no better results, they cut out his tongue. Young Silva embraced him, and the soldiers shot the group, killing both young men." Revista Catolica, El Paso, Texas, Oct. 17, 1927.

And so on. The terrible list is much longer. I have omitted many of the more horrid cases. The writer in America concludes:

"Here ends the first culling of facts concerning some doings of the last three months. In the next issue twenty-one personal depositions will be made public, which will shed more light on President Calles' dictum: 'There is no religious persecution in Mexico.'"

* * *

An astonishing story of murders, bombings, rioting and a dozen other forms of violation of the law by the Ku Klux Klan, in attacks on individuals and institutions, with Catholics in most cases the victims, has been unfolded in federal court at Pittsburgh, by members and ex-members of the Klan.

* * *

Similar revelations of Klan activities and schemes are being made elsewhere, as in Rhode Island and Indiana.

Some Good Books

The Duties of a Christian. By Gabriel de Montgros, Ph.D., D.D. Translated by Dom Basil Whelan, O.S.B., M.A. Price, \$2.00.

A word, the meaning of which is being forgotten, apparently, more and more, is the word "duty." And yet of all words, none wakens more easily the highest sentiments and none calls to our minds so quickly the noblest ideals.

It was a very happy idea, therefore, that made Dom Whelan give us in English these lectures on duty and the duties of a Christian.

Not only the dogmatic, but also the moral teachings of the Church are sadly misunderstood and misrepresented today. And while we have many explanations of the Church's beliefs, we have few of her moral teachings. For this reason these eloquent lectures will be doubly welcome.

Thy Kingdom Come. Series V. Eucharistic Echoes. By J. E. Moffatt, S.J. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York. Price, 40 cents.

The fact that five series of these "Eucharistic Echoes" have already appeared is evidence that these little books of Father Moffatt's have found their way to many a heart. They are short, prayerful reflections on every day subjects that might serve for visits to the Blessed Sacrament.

My Friend the Pastor. By Daniel A. Lord, S.J. Published by the Queen's Work. St. Louis. Price, 10 cents, \$4.00 per fifty.

Shall My Daughter be a Nun. By Daniel A. Lord, S.J. Published by the Queen's Work. St. Louis. Price, 10 cents, \$4.00 per fifty.

The Pure of Heart. By Daniel A. Lord, S.J. Published by the Queen's Work. St. Louis. Price 10 cents, \$4.00 per fifty.

The very titles of these little pamphlets show us how timely and opportune they are. The name of Father Lord makes us expect something profitable and interesting. And the reading will fully justify all these expectations.

Catechism of Gregorian Chant. By Rev. P. Gregory Huegle, O.S.B. Published by J. Fischer & Brother, New York. Price, 50 cents (115 pages).

In this attractive pocket manual containing 18 lessons, the author has supplied a long felt want,—a concise and practical expose of Gregorian chant. Lessons 4 and 8 are little masterpieces. Rhythm, "the soul of Gregorian chant" and yet the most bewildering element to students of plain-chant, is here treated in a very satisfying manner,—due greatly to the fund of apt illustrations. Lesson 6 on Tone Focus is exceptionally good. We are glad, too, that the author has stressed the spiritual aspect of Gregorian chant.

Every teacher, student and lover of our ancient Church Music will find this little Catechism most helpful.—T. E. M.

The Church of Christ. By E. Sylvester Berry, D.D. Published by B. Herder Co., St. Louis. Price, \$3.00.

Just at the present time, when the question of reunion and the loyalty of Catholics is being so widely discussed, a treatise on the Church is very opportune. Father Berry's treatise is very comprehensive: it covers the field completely; it is also very thorough, concise and clear, following as it does the method of a text book. There is an interesting chapter on Church and State; though I believe this could have been adapted somewhat better to present day ideas and terms.

Manuale Rituum pro Sacerdotibus Americae Septentrionalis. Novis Curis Novoque Ordine Disposuit. By Rev. P. Aurelius Bruege, O.F.M. Published by B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo. Price: \$1.75.

The new order consists in beginning with Communion of the Sick, Extreme Unction, Apostolic Blessing, Care of the Sick, and the Dying, ending with the burial service. Then comes Baptism and Matrimony followed by the various Blessings, well chosen and logically arranged.

Lucid Intervals

A railroad lawyer who has had much to do with human nature says: "Never cross-question an Irishman from the old sod." And he gave an illustration from his own experience.

A section hand had been killed by an express train and his widow was suing for damages. The main witness swore positively that the locomotive whistle had not sounded until after the whole train had passed over his departed friend.

"See here, McGinnis," said I, "you admit that whistle blew?"

"Yis, sor, it blew, sor."

"Now, if that whistle sounded in time to give Michael warning, the fact would be in favor of the company, wouldn't it?"

"Yis, sor, and Mike would be testifying here this day."

In catechism class the priest asked: "Why did God create heaven and earth?"

Little Marie: "God created heaven and earth for His own glory and for the benefit of His preachers."

The following notice has been posted over the offertory box in the church of the English Martyrs, Urmston, Lancashire, England: "To the burglar: No money in the box. Cleaned this morning. Please don't break the padlock. Put a penny in for new church. Kneel down and say a prayer. Yours truly, the rector. P. S.—Don't take this card."

A lecturer, in delivering one of a series of addresses, excused himself one evening for being unable to speak on several points because the mice had destroyed part of his notes. Later, while visiting in the neighborhood, he asked one man:

"Were you at any of my lectures, Rooney?"

Rooney—"Indeed, I was, yer honor; all of them."

Lecturer—"Which one did you like best?"

Rooney—"The one the mice were at, yer honor!"

"So you want to marry my daughter, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know much about business?"

"Not much, sir."

"Do you know the difference between an asset and a liability?"

"No, sir."

"Well, you will after you marry my daughter."

"Yep, I'm goin' to part with the old mare," said Corn Husk to a friend.

"What do you think I could sell her for?"

"Wall, Corny," the friend chuckled, "if she only had a hump ye could sell her for a camel."

Neighbor—How many controls are there on your radio set?

Owner—Three; my mother-in-law, my wife, and my daughter.

House Agent: "You say you have no children, phonograph, radio or dog. You seem to be the quiet tenant the owner insists upon."

Prospective Tenant: "Well, I ought to tell you that my fountain pen squeaks a bit."

It was a fashionable wedding. The bridegroom had no means of visible support save his father, who was rich. When he came to the stage of the service where he had to repeat, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," his father said in a whisper that could be heard all over the church: "Heavens! There goes his bicycle!"

A New York school boy was asked: "Who was the first man?" "George Washington," he replied. "Nonsense," said the teacher. "What makes you say that?" "Because," said the boy, repeating a well-known quotation, "he was first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen." "That may be," commented the teacher, "but nevertheless Adam was the first man." "Oh," retorted the boy with fine contempt, "if you're talking about foreigners, that's different."

Redemptorist Scholarships

A scholarship is a fund the interest of which serves for the education of a Redemptorist missionary in perpetuity.

Those who have given any contribution, great or small, to the burses shall have a share in perpetuity in the daily Masses, the daily Holy Communion, and daily special prayers that shall be offered up by our professed Students for the founders and associate founders of Redemptorist Scholarships. It goes without saying that the donors are credited with their share of the works performed by the students after they have become priests.

Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help (St. Joseph's Parish, Denver, Colo.)	\$ 522.00
Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help of St. Alphonsus (Fresno, Calif.)	1,258.50
Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help (Kansas City, Mo.) ..	2,008.00
Burse of St. Joseph (Married Ladies, Rock Church, St. Louis)	2,406.67

* * *

Burse of St. Joseph, \$654.00; Burse of St. Francis Assisi, \$1,007.50; Burse of the Little Flower, \$2,964.75; Burse of St. Thomas, Apostle, \$211.00; Burse of St. Jude, \$262.50; Burse of St. Rita, \$506.00; Burse of St. Ann, \$652.00; Burse of St. Gerard, \$527.00; Burse of Holy Family, \$20.00; Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, \$2,010.44; Burse of St. Peter, \$237.25; Burse of the Poor Souls, \$4,500.00; Burse of St. Alphonsus, \$40.00; Burse of St. Anthony, \$400.00; Mr. F. Henze Burse, \$2,895.70; Burse of Ven. Bishop Neumann, \$1,783.96; Our Lady of Perpetual Help (Knoxville), \$1,200.00; Promoters' Burse of the Sacred Heart, \$1,261.01; Mary Gockel Burse, \$12.00; Father Nicholas Franzen Memorial Burse, \$59.63.

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